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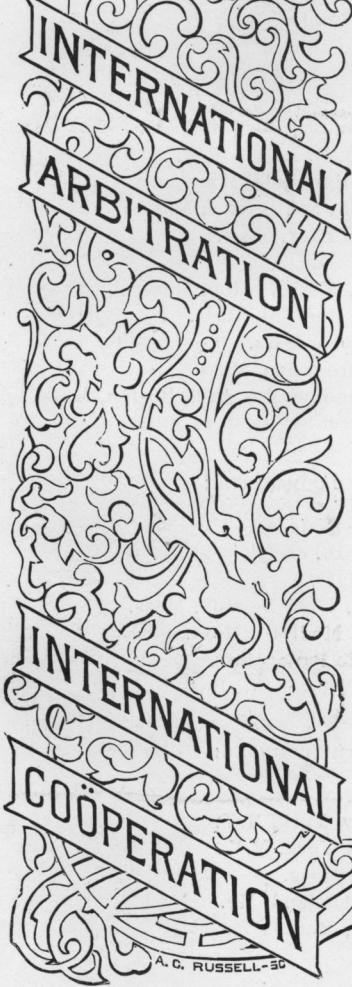
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The ADVOCATE — OF — PEACE.

BOSTON, DECEMBER, 1899.



INTERNATIONAL
ARBITRATION

INTERNATIONAL
COÖOPERATION

After madness, after massacre, Jacobinism and Jacquerie,
Some diviner force to guide us through the days shall I not see ?
When the schemes and all the systems, kingdoms and republics fall,
Something kindlier, higher, holier—all for each, and each for all ?
All the half-brain, full-brain races led by armistice, love and truth ?
All the millions filled, at length, with all the visions of my youth ?
All diseases quenched by science, no man halt or deaf or blind ;
Stronger ever born of weaker, larger body, lustier mind ?
Earth at last a warless world, a single race, a single tongue —
I have seen her far away, for is not Earth as yet so young ?
Every tiger-madness muzzled, every serpent-passion killed ;
Every grim ravine a garden, every blazing desert tilled ;
Robed in universal harvest up to either pole she smiles,
Universal ocean softly washing all her warless isles.

TENNYSON.



INTERNATIONAL
PEACE

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The Angels as Reformers.

If the angels of the first Christmas night should suddenly appear again, one wonders whether they might not weep instead of sing. Nineteen hundred years have gone by, and what do we see? The two professedly foremost nations in all the higher elements of Christian civilization engaged in two mean and miserable wars, largely of their own making! It had been hoped that they would close the century as shining examples of peace and goodwill, and lead the whole family of nations forever away from the curse of war. Instead, they have failed to enter into obligations of permanent peace with each other, and their present "good understanding," so far as it goes, is suspiciously near to simple support of each other in their wars.

One of these nations, having more than a hundred thousand Christian churches among its people, has so conducted itself in its efforts to "civilize" the world

that it now finds itself with an army of sixty thousand men on the other side of the globe, wading swamps, tearing through jungles, swimming rivers, in order to hunt down and shoot ill-civilized men, among whom it ought to have been sending these fifty years thousands of missionaries of the loving and helpful Christ. What wail of sorrow might not the angels chant at sight of the piling millions which we are consuming on our growing army and navy, which the Christ would have had us spend to the last penny in saving, educating and refining those whom we have driven by our blundering and inconsiderate selfishness to hate, despise and repel us!

What agonizing cries, rending the very heavens, might we not expect at sight of the awful tragedy enacting itself in South Africa! Great Britain, with her fifty thousand churches, her Christian queen, her missions compassing the Eastern half of the world,—see her, with her entire army on foot, in a cruel life and death struggle with a brave people whom her aggression and greed hounded, nagged and insulted into uncontrollable desperation! At such a gigantic failure of her Christian mission (nations are to be judged by their Christian attainments) how could the heavenly hosts refrain from tears of great sadness!

Again, how could the angels do aught but weep over the accumulated folly and madness of armed Europe, spending a thousand millions a year on the forces and implements of death, the Christian spirit of love and self-sacrifice repressed or totally banished from her political councils, her separate governments confessedly pagan in their ultimate relations one to another!

No one, not even an angel, can think long and intently over all these facts without the greatest depression.

But there is another side. Things were infinitely worse when Jesus of Nazareth was born. There was then not the faintest ray of promise of the coming of love and peace in either the social or the political relations of the world. Discord reigned everywhere. Society was hopelessly rotten. The peace that prevailed was the peace of universal repression and fear. Not a movement anywhere indicated the rejuvenation of the dying social and political order. And yet the angels sang, jubilantly sang.